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TO GET acquainted with our new FURNISHING DEPARTMENT. It is the most complete stock of Men's and Boys' strictly HIGH-CLASS FURNISHINGS to be found south of New York. All fresh, new goods, too, of the very best make and latest styles and colorings.

We have special facilities for making SHIRTS to MEASURE. Have the largest line of Shirts, one of the best shirt cutters in America, and guarantee you perfect-fitting and thoroughly satisfactory garments.

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William Wagner

Sporting Goods, Hardware
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CARPENTERS' AND MACHINISTS' TOOLS.

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SPECIAL! OUR BEST WISHES

We have just opened with a full line of Imported and Domestic Goods, and beg to call your attention to our low prices.

Pants to Order, \$3 & Upward.
Suits to Order, \$14.50
and Upward.

All Wool and Perfect Satisfaction Guaranteed.
J. J. BLICK & BRO.,
ROOM 5, WARDER BUILDING.

FIGURES WON'T LIE

Though our store is not a

in our dealings we are

and our Stock like a

is complete.

Weller's Drug Store,
CORNER EIGHTH AND I STREETS S. E.

C. B. NICHOLS. J. Z. YODER.

NICHOLS & YODER,

Undertakers

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Embalmers,

Penn. Ave. and Second St. S. E., Capitol Hill
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PHONE, 781-3.

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SMOKE GOOD

CIGARS

While you LIVE, you will be a long time DEAD.
The J. W. S. Co.
On the inside of each box guarantees the Quality. Our Specialty, Solid Havana, Hand Made, and Popular Prices.

THE
C. H. ROUSE CO. Cigar Store,
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W. C. NEWTON & CO.
PRINTING MACHINERY AND SUPPLIES.
COMPLETE STOCK OF
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Estimates on Job and Newspaper Outfits.
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GREETING.

W. C. MOTZ. JOHN SCHNEIDER.
MOTZ & SCHNEIDER,
MERCHANDISE TAILORS,
467 Pennsylvania Avenue Northwest.
ALL GOODS MADE IN THIS CITY.
We take great pleasure in informing you that we, the undersigned, have opened a first-class tailor shop at 467 Pennsylvania Avenue Northwest, W. C. Motz, having been connected with L. Hamburger & Sons for fifteen years and lately with M. Byrnes & Co. and Mr. Schneider being a practical cutter and tailor, places us in a position to give any order you favor us with our personal and most careful supervision, as all our work is made in Washington by competent union workers. Mr. Charles Sacker, an experienced and thorough cutter, is also associated with us. Hoping to be favored with a share of your patronage, we are, respectfully,
W. C. MOTZ,
JOHN SCHNEIDER.

BOTH ACTOR AND MANAGER

Death of the Veteran John T. Ford, of Many Memories.

HIS EARLY THEATRICAL CAREER

Ford Started and Successfully Operated One of the First Minstrel Troupes of the Country—His Early Experience with Stock Companies at Baltimore and Washington—Forrest's Fondness for Hamilton.

The funeral of the late well-known theatrical manager, John T. Ford, took place in Baltimore on Friday last from his residence, North Gilman street. Among those in attendance were Gov. Brown, of Maryland; Mayor Latrobe; municipal officers and clerks, actors and actresses, newspaper editors, Marshal Fry, of the police department, the police commissioners, and others. Rev. Dr. Smith, of the Central Presbyterian Church, conducted the services. The floral tributes were profuse and magnificent.

Mr. John Gibson, of Gibson Brothers, the Pennsylvania avenue printers, in this city, has a vivid recollection of the early managerial career of Mr. Ford, both in Baltimore and Washington. He remembers when Kunkel's Nightingale Serenaders, composed of George Kunkel, Harry Lehr, J. K. Search and others, gave their first entertainments in Baltimore during 1842-50, in what was known as the Alsouth Street Garden. The troupe was then under the management of George W. Harvey. During the Winter of 1850 Mr. Ford became manager and took the Serenaders on a trip to Montreal. Upon his return to Baltimore he displayed that business tact and managerial ability by having posters and small bills printed announcing that the troupe had had the honor of appearing before the Governor General of Canada, a representative of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Mr. Ford had his printing done at the job office of the Baltimore Clipper. Mr. Gibson was then in the Clipper job office and "set up" some of the first bills that Mr. Ford had ordered to be printed.

The success of Kunkel's Nightingale Serenaders having been assured, a partnership was formed consisting of John T. Ford (manager), George Kunkel and Thomas Moxley, the latter delineating female characters. The troupe alternated their performances at the old National Theater, Washington, and Holiday Street Theater, Baltimore. They traveled throughout the South, Virginia and elsewhere. It was among the first minstrel troupes organized in this country, and every where it appeared it gave successful performances.

Mr. Ford, with his partners, Messrs. Kunkel and Moxley, from 1850 to 1860 were managers of the old National Theater, Washington; Holiday Street Theater, Baltimore, and the Richmond Theater, at which regular performances were given under the stock company system. At the old National Edwin Forrest, "Dolly" Davenport and other historic stars well known to fame appeared. The old National was a kind of training school for adventurous aspirants of the sock and buskin, and among the number was Theodore Hamilton.

Mr. Gibson relates this anecdote of Hamilton in connection with Mr. Forrest. Forrest formed a great fondness for Hamilton, and would at times familiarly put him upon the back and predict a brilliant future for him as an actor. Forrest, however, would sometimes get into his "trances," and when so would frighten every one who played with him in his respective impersonations. He so frightened Hamilton on one occasion when he became sure in his part that he had lost his mind, that the theater for three nights, it taking that length of time for him to recover his nervous equilibrium and fine courage again to face the "voluble Roman of the old world." Hamilton had formerly been a printer in the Baltimore Sun job office. Upon the site where now stands Ford's Theater on Tenth street was formerly a Baptist church. This church was converted into a playhouse, at which George Christy's minstrels gave performances. This was in the fall of 1861 and the spring of 1862, the property was purchased by Mr. G. W. Higgs, Mr. Folkinborn, and others as a company in the interest of Mr. Ford, and demolished for the erection upon its lot of the present Ford's Theater, the scene of two tragedies.

Mr. Ford became manager of the theater in 1862. It was closed after the death of President Lincoln, and was up to within nine months ago occupied as a government building. It is at present unoccupied, and has been since the tragedy involving loss of life and injuries to many by the collapse of the building in June, 1933.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

A spoonful of chloride of lime in a quart of water will remove mildew from linen. Strain the solution through a cloth and pour enough to thoroughly dissolve, and dip the cloth into it. Repeat if a first application is not sufficient, but wash the mixture well out of the goods when your object is accomplished.

Ink and rust stains are removed easily by a solution containing ten parts each of tartaric acid, alum and distilled water. The solution has the trade name of "Environor."

A teaspoonful of black pepper will prevent gray or buff lines from spotting, if stirred into the first water in which they are washed. It will also prevent the colors from running, when washing black or colored cambrics or muslins, and the water is not injured by it, but just as soft as before the pepper was put in.

Sheets and pillowcases should be carefully folded when dry; then the ironing is made easy.

Tepid water diluted with ammonia is an excellent cleanser for either gold or silver.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE TIMES?

We wish it success and trust it will help to make

"EASY TIMES"

for everybody.

You can have much "easier times" for your feet and your purse by buying OUR Shoes, especially

OUR EASY-FITTING,

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RELIABLE SHOE HOUSES,
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NEW POST-OFFICE BUILDING.

What Has Been Done Upon It and What It Will Look Like.

Mr. John W. Kinsey, superintendent of construction of the new United States Post-office Building at Pennsylvania avenue and Eleventh street, states that considerable progress has been made on the building since the beginning of the year 1934. On January 1 no brick work or stone work for the foundation had been done. Since then nearly 1,000,000 brick, 2,200 cubic feet of stone, and 1,200 tons of iron have been placed, the brickwork being seven and one-half feet in thickness.

The building will be one of the finest of the kind in the country. It will have nine stories, including basement. The most extensive piling has been done to the foundation, which is said by scientific experts to be the strongest and most solid they have ever seen. The basement floor will be further settled by a layer of mixed stone and concrete, making it perfectly waterproof. In regard to the superstructure iron will be used throughout the entire eight stories, faced with courses of granite. The granite being above the basement will be of dressed stone, beautifully carved. The special feature of the new building will be the art work both upon the exterior and interior. Now that Spring has opened work upon the building will be pushed rapidly.

Superintendent of the Treasury, Joseph P. O'Rourke, is well satisfied with the progress made upon the building since the opening of the new year. Mr. Kinsey, the superintendent of construction, hails from Tuscarawas county, Ohio. He is unmarried and indefatigable in his duties and "knows no hours" in the faithful discharge of the responsibilities resting upon him. He is at his office as early as 7 o'clock in the morning, and frequently remains there until nearly 11 o'clock at night. He is a large man, with pleasant manners, and always, during working hours, at one spot or other in the large area upon which the new building is being erected.

The mechanics at work on the building have lost no time during the month of March. They lost much more time during February than in January, for the reason that the February work was on the interior of the building, as a usual thing, and the present March weather, with a few exceptions, of a May temperature.

AMONG THE FARMERS.

Mr. George William Hill, chief of the division of records and editing of the Agricultural Department, is now in the field, endeavoring to secure information in regard to the work of the farmers in the various States.

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Major B. F. Fuller, for nearly thirty years disbursing officer of the department, is now living quietly at his handsome home on Rhode island avenue. The major has walked over to his office every morning for so many years that he frequently gets to the front door of the building before he realizes that he is on the retired list.

Mr. W. W. Long, of North Carolina, who was recently promoted to a \$39,000 position in the division of statistics, bears a striking resemblance to one of the prominent Western members of Congress, and is frequently approached by "ambitious constituents" in the hotel corridors.

Dr. H. W. Wiley, chief of the division of chemistry, is a handsome, efficient, and energetic man, who is said to be debating as to whether or not he should open his residence as a club house for his friends this season.

Mr. J. R. H. Wiley, chief of the division of entomology, whose buttehead is adorned with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, in recognition of his services in the war, is making a number of improvements at his country place on Columbia Heights.

Mr. F. S. Gregory, who for so many years was in charge of the Congressional division, charged with the preparation of seed trunks and miscellaneous work, has been transferred to the division of statistics, while the others of the division were transferred to various offices when the Congressional division was abolished.

Mr. William Saunders, for nearly thirty years chief of the division of diseases and animals, and to whom Washington people are indebted for one of the most beautiful landscape paintings in the district is confined to his home by illness.

The Ubiquitous Boys in Gray.
Dan Brewer, one of the veteran letter carriers of this city, is perhaps as active in all the matters that affect his fellow workers as any man in the city. He has been a member of the National Association of Letter Carriers for a century of service, and what he doesn't know about the history of the many successful attempts of the letter carriers of the country in that time to improve their condition is not worth telling.

For some two years the letter carriers of this city have been like warm toward the National Association of Letter Carriers, but many of the men are now talking about reviving interest in the organization which has done so much for the boys in gray all over the United States.

Henry C. Power, chairman of the legislative committee of the National Association of Letter Carriers, is a capable speaker and writer. He framed the bill which Judge Maguire introduced to prevent arbitrary removals, and is in this city trying to secure its enactment.

John F. Victory, editor of the Postal Record, is now serving his fourth term as secretary of the National Association of Letter Carriers. Less than four years ago this organization numbered only fifty-three branches, and now there are 48 in many cities.

John P. Fay, president of the New York branch of the National Association of Post Office Clerks, is a well-known Washington figure. He is one of the most active and energetic of the city's public officers. He belongs to a number of secret and mutual benefit societies, is very popular with the postoffice clerks of the United States, and for many years has been an earnest worker in the movement to increase and increase the salaries of the Post Office clerks.

The Court of Claims every Monday for some time past has rendered a large number of judgments in favor of letter carriers for overtime made under the eight-hour law of 1898. The pushing of these claims has had the effect of securing a real operation of the law.

President Parkhurst, of the National Association of Post Office Clerks, is a well-known Washington figure. He is one of the most active and energetic of the city's public officers. He belongs to a number of secret and mutual benefit societies, is very popular with the postoffice clerks of the United States, and for many years has been an earnest worker in the movement to increase and increase the salaries of the Post Office clerks.

That ten common-sized eggs weigh a pound.

That two teaspoonfuls butter well packed weigh a pound.

That you can sweep a rag carpet much cleaner by sweeping across the breadths.

That to stir a little flour into mush when making will prevent its breaking when cut for frying.

That one part of suet to two parts of lard rendered together make a better mixture for frying purposes than lard alone.

That cold sliced potatoes fry better for sprinkling a little flour over them.

That a penny or a larger silver piece will remove paint from glass readily. Just wet it and rub the paint.

That milk will clarify boiling molasses.

That galvanized iron wire is much better for hanging clothes on in winter than a rope, as the clothes will not freeze to it.

That tumbledrums for milk should first be rinsed in cold water; hot water drives the milk into the glass.

That steam water may be purified by hanging it in a bag of charcoal.

That lard may be sweetened by boiling in it a pared potato.

That fruit stains may be removed by pouring boiling water on them.

The Story of a Stiletto.

"Yes," said my vis-a-vis on a Northern Pacific train, as we went tearing through the Bad Lands of North Dakota, "yes, I have an uncanny love for a stiletto. Isn't that a beauty?" and he brought forth from the back of the rather fanciful red belt he wore a long, keen, burnished blade, down which the scarlet rays of the setting sun went trickling like tears of blood.

"See my name carved here by the hand of my own girl, Carotta! Ah, but she was the artist!"

As he spoke he turned the ivory handle of the knife toward me, and upon its snowy surface I saw inscribed the name "Guiseppi."

It was a superb toy, this stiletto. It charmed, it fascinated me, and I longed to possess the evil but enchanting thing.

"Will you sell it?" I inquired, taking it from his hand.

"No! Not for all the gold on God's planet. No! It and I have a mission to perform," and he put the weapon back in his belt.

The train, dripping from its melting axle after mile of the Bad Land's from its wheels, till the brakeman cried:

"Medora!"

As we paused for a passing moment at that far, strange, quiet station, in the heart of a delirium tremens landscape, a tall, slender, handsome youth came into our car and seated himself behind me with a sigh of satisfaction.

I saw Guiseppi start, grow white as the faded rose of death; then, turning in his seat, he stared out of the window, while the lines of his face seemed hardening into stone.

Again the train thundered on. Again it stopped at a prairie station.

"I think I am not feeling well," I shook his hand and rose to depart. Sleeping upon the platform, I found that my neighbor, the young passenger from Medora, and just back of him came Guiseppi, looking as grim as a Nemesis on some hell-terrible vengeance bent.

All three were in the only hotel in the place—a goodly inn, kept by a German whose innocence of our language was only surpassed by the volubility with which he welcomed me.

The sun was shining through my windows when I opened my eyes next morning. A robin was singing and swinging on a willow outside. The day was lovely, the gladness of a North Dakota daybreak steeped the summer plains.

I went down stairs. I waited for my companions to join me at the breakfast table. They came not. They would never come.

We went to the room of Guiseppi. It was vacant. We went to the room of the young stranger, Guiseppi was there. He pointed to the bed. Upon it lay the unknown youth, rigid in death, the stiletto in his heart, the blood drip, drip, dripping from his breast.

"Murder!" I cried, staggering back.

"Nay, no, I am no murderer," answered Guiseppi, calmly lighting a cigarette. "That devil took the stiletto from me, to save me the annoyance of killing him. I simply handed him the stiletto, and he knew what to do with it when he saw the name on the handle. It had done his mission."

I would not have sold it to you for all the gold on God's planet, as I told you on the train. But I'm thirsty this morning, signor, and you can have it for a bottle of wine."

I heard the whistle of a coming train. Turning to the landlord I paid my bill; rushing down stairs I seized my baggage, and a few minutes later I was speeding away from the accursed spot, while the shadow of that stiletto seemed to blot out the beauty of the sun and blast the glory of the vast green plains.

W. H. E.

DEPARTMENT PERSONALS.

Matters of Interest Relating to a Few of Our State's Secretaries.

Gov. Sims, First Assistant Secretary of the Interior, is taking a short vacation in the South, enjoying a few weeks rest on his orange plantation in Florida. Meantime Judge Harper, his confidential clerk, is taking his vacation.

Gen. Armstrong, Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs, has been kept at his home for several days by illness.

Thomas A. Tomlinson, chief of the Stationery and Printing Division of the Interior Department, is in Brooklyn, N. Y., Assistant Chief Charles W. Schneider, of the Columbia Athletic Club, is the acting chief of the division.

Hurlhal Van V. Smith, confidential clerk to Assistant Secretary Reynolds, Interior Department, is kept at home by illness.

Mr. T. G. McDonald, superintendent of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, is confined to his home by the "grip."

THE TAX UPON LAGER.

Mr. Wright Illuminates the Beer Situation.

The pull of the brewers and the regard for the German vote, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean, is more apparent in the Senate bill even than in the House bill. Notwithstanding the recommendations of David A. Wells and the implied approval of the Secretary of the Treasury that there should be an increase of \$1 a barrel tax upon beer, which would give \$32,000,000 of revenue, the increase tax was refused. But in the House no attempt was made to give the brewers any additional advantage beyond the refusal to increase the barrel tax. The brewers' agents were very active about the House, and one of the Democratic members of Congress at that time, who was elected by the money and influence of the brewers, was an avowed attorney for the interest of the brewers when the bill was under consideration by the Ways and Means Committee.

In the Senate, however, there is a stronger member of that body, who was one of the so-called conservatives, whose vote is needed and to whom many concessions were made. Senator Murdock, however, is the man. No change is made in the internal tax on beer, but a reduction is made in the duty on coloring for beer, so that the brewers, instead of being asked to pay more for color, are not only for their coloring matter, but for hops and other things used by them. Moreover, the Western brewers secured an increase of 5 per cent. in the duty on an increase of 3 per cent. in barley malt.

"Stop My Paper!"
Every man has a right, says the New York Voice, to take a paper or to stop it for any reason or no reason at all. But at the same time there is a definite responsibility attaching to all actions, even to so trivial a one as stopping a paper because the editor says something one doesn't agree with. There is complaint that newspaper editors lack fearlessness and honesty; that newspapers are too generally mere partisan organs that disregard the claims of truth and justice when political interests are at stake. There is too much truth in the charge. But let us ask how it is possible for a fearless, honest, outspoken journal to live if every man is to cry "Stop my paper" whenever he reads something that does not accord with his views? The men who insist that the paper they read shall never say anything contrary to their views are the ones who are in large measure responsible for the craven cowardliness and the wretchedness of modern journalism.

In a community composed entirely of these "Stop my paper" people true independent journalism would be an impossibility. When you are convinced that a paper is dishonest and deceitful, stop it. When it lacks enterprise and fails to give you the news, stop it. When some other paper gives you more of value, stop it. But don't stop a paper that you believe to be honest, courageous, enterprising and clean simply because its editor was written his own sincere views instead of hours or some other class; for if you do you are putting a premium on ineffectual journalism and serving notice on an editor that the day to succeed is to write what he thinks will best please his readers, instead of what he honestly believes to be the truth.

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